

STORIES OF THE **ARMY** AND **NAVY**

# MILITARY

AUGUST  
No. 21

**COMICS**

10¢

**EXTRA!**  
**BLACKHAWK**  
DESTROYS  
**VON VOLTUR**  
THE TERRIBLE

**FEATURING**  
**PRIVATE DOGTAG**  
**PT BOAT**  
**THE SNIPER**  
**SECRET WAR**  
**NEWS**







WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM

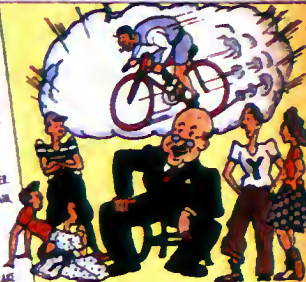


# GRAND-DAD HAS A VICTORY PROGRAM!

ON THE ARMY, AND THE NAVY AND THE COAST-GUARD AND MARINES,  
THEY DESERVE OUR EVERY SACRIFICE, NO MATTER WHAT IT MEANS!  
"SAVE THE WINNER!" IS THE ORDER FROM OUR GOOD OLD UNCLE SAM.  
IF OUR FOES WERE SMART THEY'D UNDERSTAND AND TAKE IT ON THE LAKE!

★ ★ ★  
SO UP COMES DEAR OLD GRAND-DAD WITH THIS VERY SMART IDEA —  
"IT'S SURE TO CLICK," HE TELLS US, "AND CAUSE OUR FRIENDS TO CHEER."  
"I REMEMBER," HE RECALLS, "WHEN I WAS JUST A BRIGHT YOUNG SWAIN,  
"WE'D CYCLE THROUGH THE VALLEY AND STREET AND COUNTRY LANE."

★ ★ ★  
"WE'D NEVER RACE ON HILLS OR SLOPES — INSTEAD WE'D GENTLY BRAKE,  
"WE'D KEEP AWAY FROM ROCKS AND STONES, TOO HARD FOR TIRES TO TAKE  
"SO LET'S ALL PLAN — RESOLVE RIGHT NOW — NO DISTANT FAR TOMORROW —  
"TO SAVE OUR BIKES AND TIRES WITH THE HELP OF BRAKES BY 'MORROW'!"



The "MORROW" Coaster Brake is a vital member of "The Invisible Crew" — the precision equipment which 25 Bendix plants from coast to coast are speeding to our fighting crews on world battle fronts.



ROPER (BENDIX) DIVISION  
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**MORROW**  
COASTER BRAKE



SMASH COMICS... HIT COMICS... CRACK COMICS

# HEY, READERS!!

THERE'S NO RATIONING OF

# ACTION ADVENTURE OR HUMOR

IN THE

# QUALITY COMIC GROUP

AMERICA'S GREATEST  
COMIC MAGAZINES

DOLL MAN QUARTERLY  UNCLE SAM QUARTERLY

WHA-CHU WOS-OO...Z-I-T-A-KY- WOS-OO

Z41-0Z4J WOS-OO...QDJ-UM WOS-OO

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**ARMY****STORIES OF MILITARY  
ACTION IN LONG  
Section 1.**

THE GREEDY GRASP OF  
TYRANNY IS UPON  
EUROPE, AND RAMPARTS  
OF EVIL CHALLENGE THE  
FIVE-BORN PEOPLES OF  
THE WORLD TO DEBATE  
NAZI CRUELTY IF THEY  
DARE!...

AND THERE ARE THOSE  
WHO DO DARE, WHO  
NEVER REFUSED A DARE  
YET -- THE  
**BLACKHAWKS** --  
MESSENGERS OF  
DESTRUCTION TO ALL  
EVIL AND  
INJUSTICE!

**BLACKHAWK**

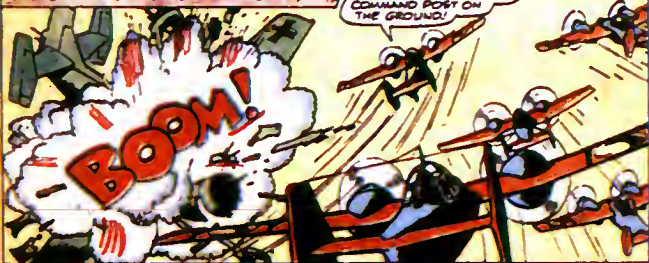
**A GALA DAY IN THE  
HEART OF NAZILAND...**

READY TO OPEN  
THE HANGAR  
MEIN FLUGER!

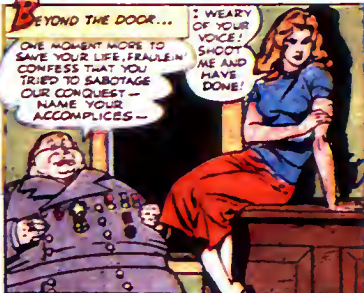
READY!!



A MIGHTY EXPLOSION — AND THE TRIUMPH OF NAZI CUNNING IS A FLYING MASS OF JUNK!

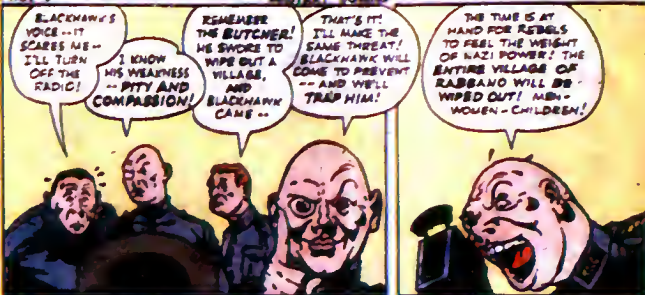




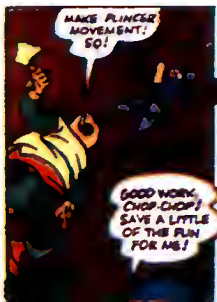








**ENTER — THE BLACKHAWKS!**





TERROR-STRICKEN, THE NAZIS TRY TO ESCAPE — TOO LATE!

YOU DO NOT KNOW VOT DE VORD MEANS!

YOU'RE SAFE! WE'LL GET YOU OUT OF REACH OF THE NAZIS AS SOON AS WE CAN START UP OUR PLANES!

WE MIGHT HAVE KNOWN THAT THE BLACKHANDS WOULD SAVE US — WAIT!

MERCY!



HAVE YOU NOT WONDERED WHY THIS VILLAGE WAS CONDEMNED TO DESTRUCTION?

YOU KNOW THE ANSWER TO THAT?



IT IS A LONG STORY — A STRANGE ONE, TOO — BUT COME WITH ME!

OF COURSE! LEAD ON!



IT'S DARK IN HERE!

NO DARKER THAN THE SECRET I SHALL DISCLOSE!



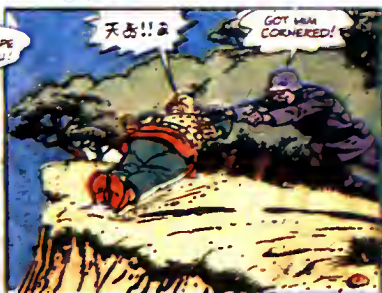
ONLY A LITTLE WAY BEYOND HERE —

WAIT! TELL ME FIRST WHO YOU ARE!



TO MY FUHRER I AM VON VOLTHER! TO YOU I AM DEATH!



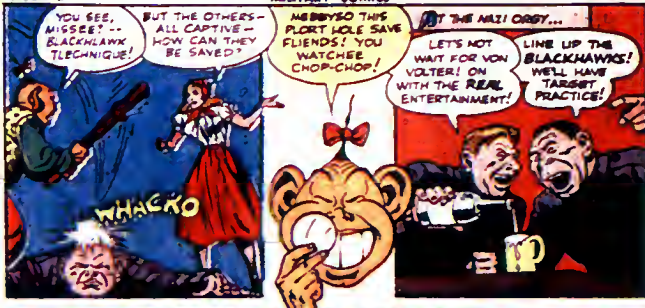






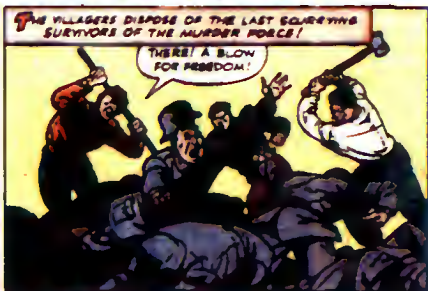


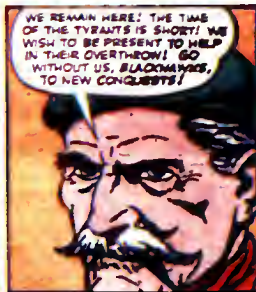














## JOHNNY DOUGHBOY

WHAT'S  
SO  
FUNNY,  
SERGEANT?

DOUGHBOYS UP THERE!  
I HAD HIM TRANSFERRED  
TO THE PARACHUTE  
TROOPS TO GET  
HIM OUTTA  
MY HAIR!

THE SERGEANT  
SAY NOT TO WORRY  
--I'M SO LIGHT-HEADED  
I'LL PROBABLY FLOAT  
AROUND FOR WEEKS!

READY, MEN,  
FOR YOUR FIRST  
PRACTICE JUMP!

OKAY!

DONOVAN  
-- THEN  
DOUGHBOY!

GE-RONIMO!

GO ON, SAMP-  
JUMP!

WAIT! I FORGET  
WHAT TO HOLLER!

SITTIN' BULL!  
HIAWATHA!  
POCAHONTAS!  
HELP!

SHE'S  
OPENED!  
WOW!

AND THE  
WHOLE  
SAHARA  
DESERT  
TO  
LAND ON!

A  
MILLION  
SQUARE  
MILES  
OF  
LEVEL  
SAND!

BOY: AM I  
SITTIN' PRETTY?

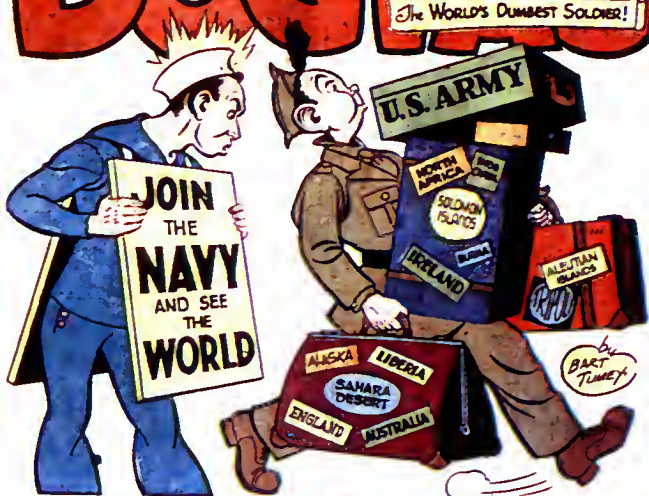
OW!

?

## PRIVATE

## DOGTAG

The World's Dumbest Soldier!



PRIVATE DOGTAG AS AN AIDE TO COLONEL BRETT HAS FLOWN TO THE SLEEPY SOUTH AMERICAN REPUBLIC OF ARGENT. COLONEL BRETT IS ON A SECRET DIPLOMATIC MISSION.



THE FIRST PASSENGER OFF THE PLANE IS MAESTRO CORDO, CELEBRATED VOLUNIST.

CRASH

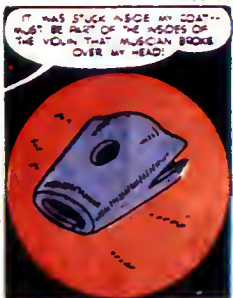


CONFOUND YOU DOGTAG! LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

GOS!







HERR  
ROTTEN-  
HERRING,  
THE GERMAN  
AMBASSADOR  
RECEIVES A  
PHONE CALL  
FROM  
MALO,  
EL  
PRESIDENTE  
DE  
ARGENO.



MEANWHILE, SENOR BUENO POPULAR ARGENTINEAN STATESMAN INVITES COLONEL BRETT ON A FISHING CRUISE.

PRESIDENT MALO RULED ARGENTINA LIKE A DICTATOR FOR YEARS... HE PERMITTED NO ELECTIONS! BUT NOW HE SEES JUST ANOTHER MUSSOLINI... A TOOL OF THE NAZIS HE BEFREINDED!

THAT'S WHAT WASHINGTON HAS SUSPECTED SENOR BUENO! I'M HERE TO FIND OUT IF THERE IS ANY WAY TO DRIVE OUR MUTUAL ENEMIES FROM YOUR COUNTRY!



YOU ARE A POWERFUL MAN HERE, SENOR BUENO! IS THERE NO WAY TO COMBAT THE NAZI LEECHES?

I FEAR NOT! WOULD MEAN A BLOODY AND PERHAPS RUTHLESS REVOLUTION FOR MY FOLLOWERS, SENOR!



MALO CONTROLS THE ARMY... AND MANY OF THE PEOPLE STILL BELIEVE HIM! THE GODS HAVE BEEN TOO GREAT AGAINST US!

MEANWHILE ANG SUBS ARE FUELED BY SHIPS OUT OF THIS HARBOR! BUT AS LONG AS ARGENTINA REMAINS OFFICIALLY "NEUTRAL", THE U.S. IS POWERLESS TO STRIKE BACK!



BUT ASHORE

SOUNDING DISCOVERY...

A NAZI ORATOR! HERE'S WHERE I HAVE SOME FLA WITH MY VOICE THROWER!



GERMANY HAS HAD A FEW MAJOR SET-BACKS IN DER WAR, BUT DER FINAL VICTOR WILL BE...

DER UNITED NATIONS!



TRAITOR! DISEASES BEING BROADCAST ALL OVER ARGENTINA!

BUT I DID NOT SAY DOSE LAST WORDS!

WE HEARD YOU, DER GESTAPO IS NEVER WRONG!



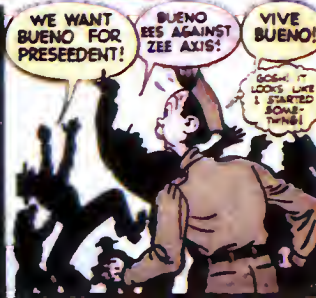
VICT DER FORMER SPEAKER STARTED TO SAY HAS DO DER UNITED NATIONS WILL

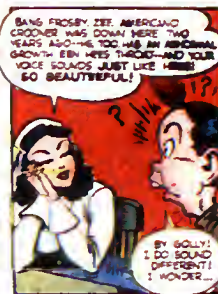
LICK DER DRAWERS OFF HITLER!

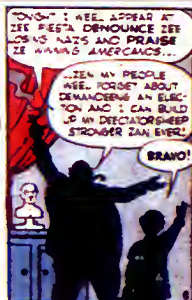
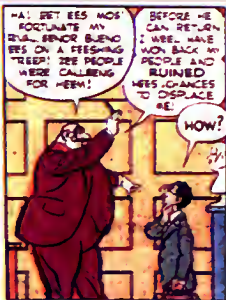
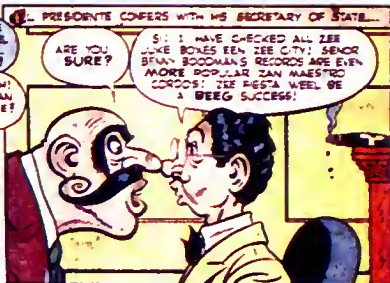
BRAVO!















# FATE FIGHTS *for* FREEDOM

JUDAR BEN KHALED was young, slim, brave—and pro-Ally. He stood, in the center of the endless sands of the Sahara—alone, treating his Nazi captors as if they did not exist. They grimaced around him.

"For the last time, you Arab dog," growled the burly major of the panzer detachment. "tell us from which way the Americans will strike at our retreating columns. We know your tribe has showed them water holes and trails—you must have learned at least part of their plans. Speak, or die!"

Judar spoke, but not to the Nazi. He raised his eyes to the hot sky. "Fate rules all lives," he half-chanted. "We tread the steps appointed for us. Such is the belief of all true Arabs."

The Germans snorted and cursed, and one lifted a pistol. The major dashed it aside.

"The man is brave in his own stupid belief," he said, "but, if he will not speak to save himself, he may speak to save others. His tribe is camped not far away—the track of his horse from the spot where we captured him will lead us to the camping ground. And we shall destroy every man, woman, and child unless we learn what we wish to learn."

"Fate governs tribes as well as men," said Judar, again to the sky and not to the Germans.

"What will happen, will happen."

"Throw him and bind him," ordered the major. Three soldiers wrestled Judar down—with difficulty, for he was strong—and spread-eagled him, face upward. They drove stakes into the sand, and fastened his wrists and ankles securely. Smothering heat, blinding light, beat upon Judar's upturned face.

"Let him wait here in the blazing sun until he has thought it over," said the major. "Meanwhile, we shall locate his people. If the captive does not speak then, they shall die in the well-practised Nazi way."

As the Germans walked toward their parked trucks and tanks, a captain spoke to the major.

"You will make that trade with the Arab, mein herr? The lives of his brothers for his information?"

The major shook his head. "What idiocy! We shall find them, kill them all—but he will not know it. He will think them still alive, and fear will unlock his lips at the last. Come on."

Judar's lips were dry, his throat felt ready to close up, his eyes blazed even when he closed them. An eternity had passed, and he did not speak except to pray. At length, he heard the rumble of a motor far off, then closer, then silence. Feet tramped near. A

pair of figures knelt beside him.

Judar spoke, buskily but steadily: "Fate is the true belief, the moulder of destinies. The superior man knows this, and scorns fear or trickery."

"The poor devil's crazy," spoke a voice, not German.

"Cut him loose and give him water," directed another, and Judar felt himself lifted. A cup was held to his tortured lips. He gulped greedily, and looked at his rescuers.

Beyond the two who supported him were others—men in dark blue, with visored caps, each wearing upon his chest an insignia of a hawk's head, a sign feared by all men of the Axis and hailed by all of the Allied Nations—even Judar had heard of them.

"You!" he managed to say. "You are the BLACK-HAWKS!"

"Right, my friend," said one who seemed to be their leader. "I'm Blackhawk himself. The big blond man is Olaf, the one with the small moustache is Andre—yonder are Henderson, Chop-Chop, and the others. But what coward and torture-expert tied you here to roast in the sun?"

Judar drank more water, and told his story. The men in blue listened intently, and when he was through they nodded to each other. Blackhawk addressed Judar once again.

"They said they would try to find your tribe's encampment? They left to do that."

"Yes. The sun was just reaching the roof of the heavens."

"Just before noon, eh?" Blackhawk consulted his watch. "Two hours ago. And how long will it take their panzers to reach the camp?"

"Three hours, perhaps. The trail is soft for heavy motor-ing."

Blackhawk turned to his friends. "We have still an hour. And an hour is enough to do wonders, eh? Suppose we trap these Nazi swiftnuts?"

A cheer of hearty enthusiasm greeted his words. He turned back to Judar.

"Did you ever fly in a plane before, my friend? No? Well, you've got a little thrill coming to you. Come and ride with me, and point out the way to the camping place of your tribe."

The party hurried to where the planes of the Blackhawk squadron were drawn up on a level stretch of sand.

The Nazi Panzer detachment halted again, behind low dunes. The major sent out scouts, who peered from the crests of the sandy knolls, and returned to say that tents were pitched around a cluster of palms just ahead.

"The camp of those Arabs who help our enemies," decided the major. "We'll destroy them like so many flies, and there'll be no more native guides to lead the Americans after us. That will please Marshal Rommel, and the Fuehrer himself."

"Heil Hitler!" dutifully re-

sponded his subordinates.

"Not so loud. We wait no waiting to reach the Arabs. Let the tanks and trucks be corralled here, under a small guard. Form the rest of the command as infantry, and at my command open fire from this side on the tents. Use rifles and sub-machine guns. Any questions? Then move out."

Stealthily the rifle sections moved into position. Under the eyes of their non-commissioned officers, they prepared to fire. The major checked up hurriedly.

"Commence firing!" he cried, and blew a signal blast on his whistle.

The crash of gunfire rang across the desert. The tents danced and reeled under the impact of bullets. The major stared.

"Why does nobody run out?" he demanded, and again blew on his whistle. "Cease firing! Fix bayonets! Charge!"

With a yell the gray line leaped up and forward. A spurt of speed, and they reached the silent clump of tents. Into one tent poured soldiers, into another, and another. An officer hurried toward the major, his face blank.

"The camp's deserted, mein herr!"

"A trick of some kind? What—"

The answer came from the sky. A mighty rumble of motors, and down from the heights where they had hovered too far away to see, dropped the planes of the Blackhawk.

Machine guns chattered

their message of destruction, mowing down Germans like wheat. A well-placed bomb struck the place where the major and his two chief subordinates stood, and not enough was left of them to identify. Other Germans tried to run—in vain. The low swooping planes machine-gunned them easily.

The guard at the parked machines heard the sound of disaster, and whirled to take refuge behind the stout metal tanks and trucks. But from behind poured a new menace—the men of the Arab encampment, grim and pious, aiming ancient but serviceable muskets and rifles.

Not a German got away. The few who survived were glad of a chance to surrender.

There was fasting and friendship in the camp after sunset.

"Not a bad day's fortune for your people, Judar," said Blackhawk as his Arabian friend poured strong, hot coffee into his brass cup. "We had only moments to work, but they were enough. All the people whisked away into hiding—the tents left to collect a few bullet holes and concentrate the enemy for an attack—and a target. And you now have plenty of new weapons and other plunder, as well as prisoners to give your American friends and gain praise."

"Fate directs all mankind," said Judar. He drank coffee from his own cup. "Yes, fate is master of men—but Allah is master of fate, and makes it serve on the side of those who fight for the right!"



A JAP RADIO ANNOUNCER IN  
TOKIO HAS MOMENTOUS NEWS

# DEATH PATROL

by GILL  
FOX-

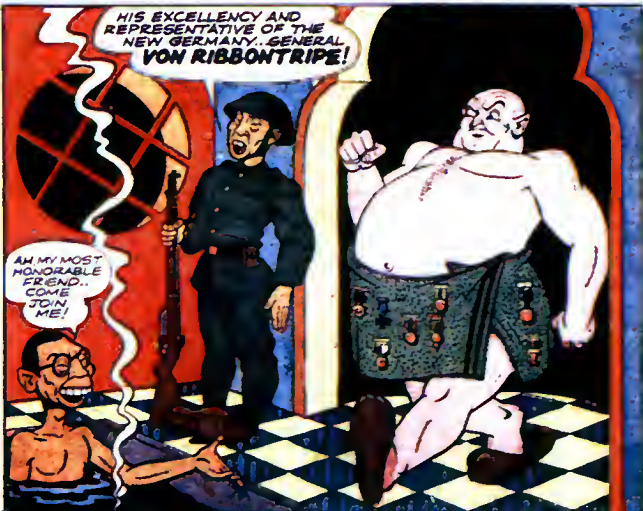
IN THEIR LAST ADVENTURE  
THE DEATH PATROL THOSE  
FIVE HURLING HEROES OF  
THE AIR LANDED IN JAPAN!  
WELL, THEY'RE STILL THERE,  
OPERATING FROM A SECRET  
LANDING FIELD JUST  
OUTSIDE TOKYO ITSELF!!

HONORABLE GRS OF THE RADIO AUDIENCE  
..TODAY IS THE DAY! THE WHOLE WORLD  
TREMBLES AS THOSE TWO GREAT LEAD-  
ERS OF OUR EXALTED NATIONS, GENERAL  
VON RIBBONTRIPLE OF GERMANY AND OUR  
OWN EMPEROR MIKROCHEATO, ARE ABOUT  
TO MEET! THEY WILL DISCUSS EVENTS  
THAT WILL BRING  
THE WAR TO A  
SWIFT CON-  
CLUSION!!

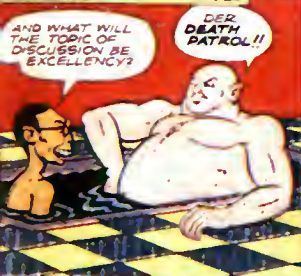


HIS EXCELLENCY AND  
REPRESENTATIVE OF THE  
NEW GERMANY..GENERAL  
VON RIBBONTRIPLE!

AH MY MOST  
HONORABLE  
FRIEND..  
COME  
JOIN  
ME!



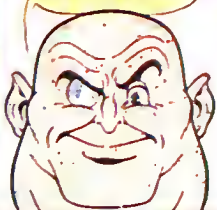
AND SO THEY MEET... IN A TUB!



EDITOR'S NOTE...

IT IS A TRADITIONAL DIVERSION IN JAPAN TO SIT IN A TUB WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS AND DISCUSS CURRENT TOPICS.

JA, DER DEATH PATROL! DEY ARE KNOWN TO HAAFF A SECRET LANDING FIELD IN JAPAN! DEY MUST BE ELIMINATED AND I HAAFF A PLAN!



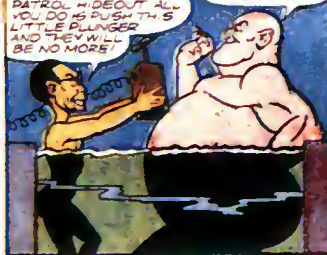
VE MOVE DE ENTIRE JAPANESE POPULATION TO DER CHINESE MAINLAND! DEN VE BLOW DER LAND OFF JAPAN OFF DER MAP!

THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY!



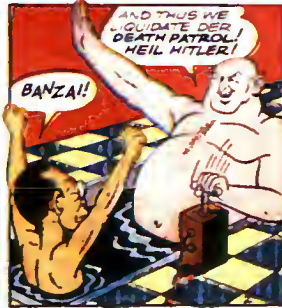
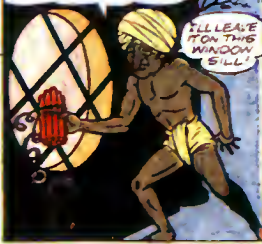
ONE OF MY SPIES HAS LAD DYNAMITE UNDER THE DEATH PATROL! HIDEOUT ALL YOU DO IS PUSH THIS LITTLE PLUNGER AND THEY WILL BE NO MORE!

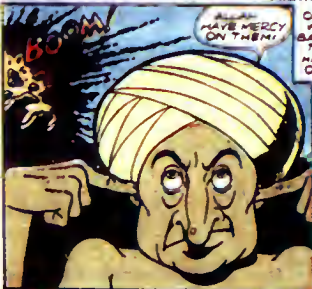
ACH I AM OVERWHELMED MIT PLEASURE!



BUT YOGI, THE NEWEST MEMBER OF THE DEATH PATROL, HAS FOUND THE DYNAMITE AND HAS BROUGHT IT A SAFE DISTANCE AWAY FROM THE HIDE-OUT TO DISCARD IT JUST OUTSIDE THE ROYAL BATH-ROOM!

HOW CHILDISH THE JAPANESE ARE TO THINK A BUNDLE OF DYNAMITE WOULD FINISH OFF THE DEATH PATROL!





ON THE WAY BACK THE HIDE-OUT

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE OUR HIDE-OUT IS THAT MEANS THAT ONE OF THE DEATH PATROL IS A SPY! I'LL GO IN TO A TRANCE AND FIND OUT!





THE MAN I JUST  
KILLED IS MERELY  
A PLASTIC SURGERY  
DOUBLE OF GRAMPS.  
MENTAL TELEPATHY  
INFORMS ME THAT  
THE REAL  
GRAMPS IS A  
PERSONAL FOO-  
ER OF TOJO  
FOLLOWING ME AND  
WE'LL RESCUE HIM!



MY SUPER DEVELOPED  
MUNCH SENSE TELLS ME  
THAT GRAMPS IS BELOW  
IN THAT PALACE SO  
WE'LL LAND HERE!



GRAMPS IS IN  
HERE! BORN  
AND NOT INTOT  
STAND GUARD  
DELIC' MON  
WITH ME!



HEY! YOU WERE RIGHT!  
HERE'S GRAMPS!  
  
AND THERE'S  
TOJO!



WELL IT'S  
ABOUT TIME  
YOU GUYS  
CAME TO  
THE RESCUE!

WHERE'S THE  
DOCTOR WHO  
PERFORMED  
THE PLASTIC  
SURGERY  
OPERATION,  
GRAMPS?

THAT'S HIM!  
HE'S TOJO'S  
PERSONAL  
PHYSICIAN!



WILL YOU PERFORM  
A PLASTIC SURGERY  
OPERATION ON  
DEAD PAN TOJO  
AND MAKE HIM  
LOOK LIKE  
THIS PHOTO-  
GRAPH OR  
DO WE START  
SHOOTING  
?

GULP!  
WILL  
DO!!



5 HOURS  
LATER

IS  
FINISHED

AH, THAT'S  
BETTER! NOW  
TOJO NOT ONLY  
RUNS JAPAN  
LIKE A JACKASS  
BUT HE LOOKS  
LIKE  
ONE TOO!



# NAVY

## STORIES OF MILITARY ACTION AT SEA

### Sea 2.

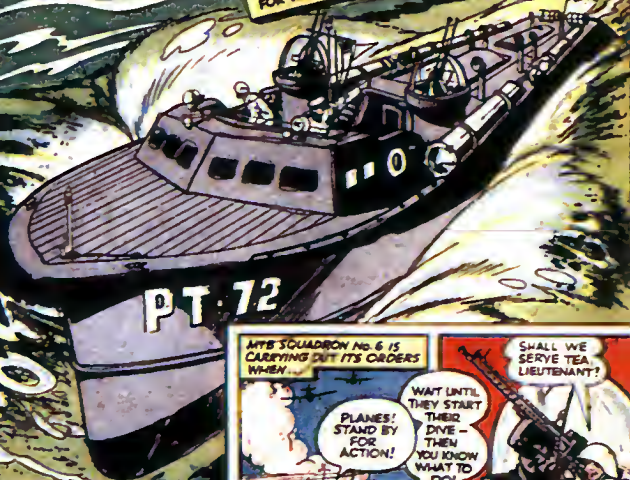
# PT Boat

**MACARTHUR'S** BRILLIANT LAND VICTORIES SMASHED THE SUPPLY LINES OF THE JAPS IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC — BUT THE JAP SUBMARINES CONTINUE TO EXACT A TERRIBLE TOLL FROM THE SMALL SUPPLY SHIPS THAT PLY BETWEEN THE ISLANDS.

WHERE ARE THOSE JAP SUBMARINES GETTING THEIR OWN SUPPLIES?  
MTB SQUADRON No. 6 WILL PATROL THIS AREA FOR THE ANSWER!

PAUL

PERRY



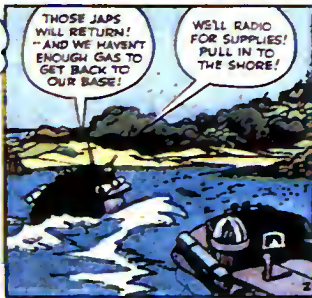
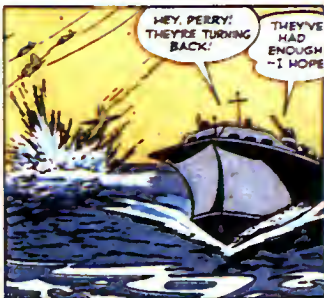
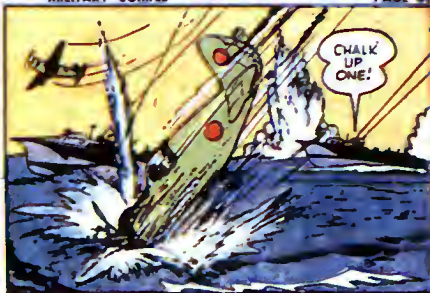
MTB SQUADRON No. 6 IS CARRYING OUT ITS ORDERS WHEN...

PLANES! STAND BY FOR ACTION!

WAIT UNTIL THEY START THEIR DIVE — THEN YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO!

SHALL WE SERVE TEA, LIEUTENANT?







THE PT BOAT'S MESSAGE IS  
RELAYED TO THE CAPTAIN OF A  
SMALL COASTWISE SUPPLY VESSEL...

NAVY ORDERS! A COUPLE  
OF THOSE OVERBROWN  
CANOES THEY CALL  
PT BOATS RAN  
OUT OF GAS!

ANY SEAFARIN' MAN WITH  
AN OUNCE OF SENSE  
COULD HAVE TOLD  
THOSE PT BOATS  
WERENT GOOD  
FOR NOTHIN'  
BUT PLEASURE  
CRUISING!

YOU  
GIVE  
ORDER  
TO CHANGE  
COURSE?

WE'LL LEND EM A HAND!  
THE POOR BOYS MEAN WELL!  
IT WASNT THEIR FAULT  
THEYVE GOT TO HOLD HELM  
ON A @#\$%!!  
FLOATING DISHPAN!



SO SORRY!  
IT IS MOST NECESSARY  
WE DO NOT CHANGE  
COURSE!

PUT THAT  
GUN DOWN!  
HAVE YOU  
GONE CRAZY?

I AM CAPTAIN HADA  
OF THE IMPERIAL  
JAPANESE NAVY! A LITTLE  
MAKEUP DECEIVED  
YOU INTO THINKING I WAS  
A MERE HALF-CASTE  
ISLANDER!



SO THAT'S THE  
WAY THE LAND  
LAYS! I'LL SHOW  
YOU HOW I  
DEAL WITH  
MUTINY!



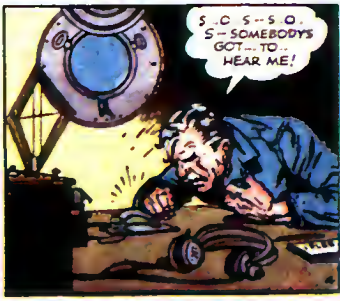
ALL HANDS ON  
DECK! THERE'S A  
@#\$%!! JAP  
ABOARD!

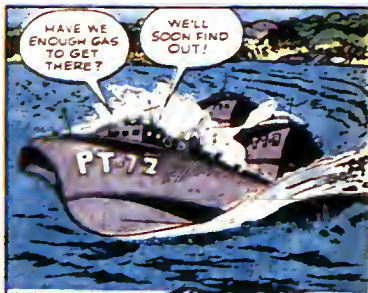
THAT WILL BE  
QUITE USELESS  
CAPTAIN!





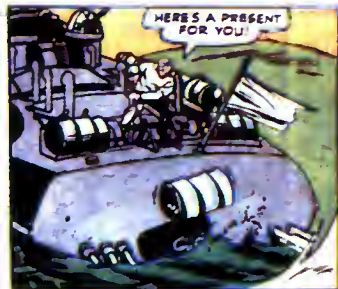
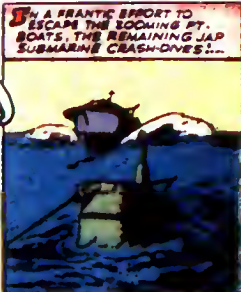
YES, CAPTAIN HADA!





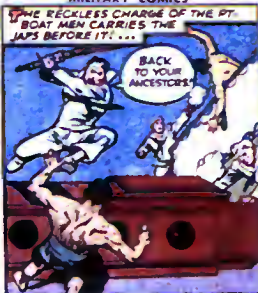












WATCH FOR THE PT-BOATS NEXT MONTH!

# THE ARCTIC PATROL

IN HIS NAVY BOYS  
FLYING BOAT LIEUT  
DICK PARUNAK AND  
BERNT BALCHEN  
SEARCH THE  
FROZEN  
NORTH FOR ITS ARMY  
FLYERS WHOSE FLYING  
FORTRESS HAS BEEN  
FORCED DOWN ON  
GREENLAND'S  
TREACHEROUS  
ICE CAP

I SEE 'EM UP AHEAD  
BERNT / PREPARE  
TO DROP THE  
SUPPLIES!

WE'VE GOT TO  
FIGURE A WAY TO  
RESCUE THEM BY AIR  
EVEN THOUGH NO  
ONE HAS EVER BEEN  
ABLE TO TAKE OFF  
FROM THE ICE  
CAP!

A SHORT WHILE LATER THE PBY ROARS BACK, AND CARRYING BERNT  
BALCHEN AND A RESCUE PARTY, LANDS ON THE DIMPLE.

THERE'S A "DIMPLE"  
DOWN THERE / A LAKE  
FORMED OVERNIGHT BY  
MELTED ICE. WE'LL GO  
BACK, PICK UP A  
RESCUE PARTY AND  
LAND HERE!

-MADE  
IT!

ON SNOWSHOES DROPPED BY PARUNAK, THE ARMY FLIERS ARE  
GUIDED BACK BY THE RESCUE PARTY.

SO LONG  
DICK / WE'LL ROW  
ASHORE AND  
GUIDE THOSE  
MEN BACK TO  
BASE

I'LL FLY  
OVERHEAD AND KEEP MY  
EYE ON YOUR  
PROGRESS

WHEN WE GET NEAR A CREVASSE  
HE ZOOMS DOWN TO WARN US  
THANKS TO THE NAVY WE'LL  
ALL BE SAVED!

# THE SNIPER

by  
H. M. ...



**DEATH IS THE GREAT MOCKER! MIGHT IMPRESSES THE SOLDIER, POWER STRIKES TERROR INTO THE HEARTS OF THE PEOPLE.... BUT DEATH LAUGHS AT ALL THINGS! -- AND WHEN THIS GRIM LAUGHTER IS AIMED AT THE SAVAGE-HEARTED MONSTERS WHO CRUSH THE LIFE FROM A CONTINENT, THE SNIPER KNOWS THAT HE HAS RECEIVED THE COMMAND TO PERFORM HIS DUTY!! ...**



## BERCHTESGADEN...

DER SITUATION IN DER CONQUERED COUNTRIES ISS NOT SO GOOD! NO MATTER HOW BRUTAL OUR LOCAL FUEHRERS ARE, DEY CANNOT KEEP DER PEOPLE IN CHECK!

I MUST THINK OF SOMETHING TO MAKE OUR MEN MORE WARSK DEY CAN NEVER BE BRUTAL ENOUGH FOR DOSE CONQUERED SCHWEIN!



I HAFF IT! I VILL HAFF A SPECIAL MEDAL MADE! IT VILL BE A BEAUTY UND DER "PROTECTOR" WHO DOES DER MOST EFFICIENT JOB ON HIS POPULATION GETS IT!



IN THE WORKSHOP OF FRANZ KELLNER...

...UND IN DER CENTER OF DER GOLD MEDAL VE VANT A BIG SAPPHIRE, DER BIGGEST SAPPHIRE DGT CAN BE GOTTEN!

AN EXCELLENT IDEA, MEIN FUEHRER...UND I KNOW DER BEST CRAFTSMAN IN CHERMANY TO MAKE DOT MEDAL! IT VILL KNOCK DER "PROTECTOR'S" EYES OUT UND DEN DEY KILL CZECHS UND NORWEGIANS UND FRENCHMEN BY DER TOUSANDS!!



IT SHALL BE DONE AS YOU SAY!



FOR MANY DAYS THE ANCIENT CRAFTSMAN WORKS ON THE MEDAL... AND THEN, LATE ONE NIGHT...

IT IS FINISHED! WHAT A MASTERPIECE! WHEN I HAVE FINISHED POLISHING IT, IT WILL GUSTEN LIKE A THOUSAND STARS!



BUT AS THE OLD MAN HOLDS THE MEDAL UP TO THE LIGHT AND GAZES INTO THE DEPTHS OF THE SAPPHIRE...

AAAA-A! DEATH!!



THERE IS A CURSE ON THE MEDAL! MY GRANDFATHER TOLD ME OF SUCH THINGS. I MUST WARN DER FUEHRER.





**DER FUEHRER CALLS A MEETING OF THE JACKALS AND QUISLINGS HE HAS PLACED IN CHARGE OF CONQUERED NATIONS.**





FOR DEER BEST  
RECORD SO FAR, YOU  
GET DEER MEDALL...  
UND I HOPE YOU  
CONTINUE TO DESERVE  
IT!



WHAT A SAPPHIRE  
SUCH DEPTH! SUCH  
BRILLIANCE!!

AND AT THAT MOMENT



HARMLESS PEOPLE  
SLAUGHTERED IN  
COLD BLOOD! THIS  
MUST BE THE LATEST  
DEED OF THE  
PROTECTOR OF  
CZECHOSLOVAKIA!



DEATH!!  
AG-HHH! NO!  
IT CAN'T MEAN  
ME! IT CAN'T!  
GUARDS!!



YES, SIR!  
WHAT  
IS IT,  
SIR?

ER... NOTHING!  
JUST STAY IN  
THIS ROOM! I...  
ER... HAD AN ODD  
FEELING THAT...  
OH, JUST DO AS  
YOU'RE TOLD!

QUIET REIGNS IN THE ROOM - BUT SUDDENLY -



IT WOULD SEEM THAT  
THE GREAT PROTECTOR  
HAS BEEN WORKING! BUT  
HIS GUARDS CAN BE  
REMOVED EASILY  
ENOUGH!



THAT DOES  
IT! NOW TO PUT  
THE OTHER GUARD  
TO SLEEP.

CRASH



YOUR BOSS IS THE  
ONE I WANT AT  
THE MOMENT!

I SAW DEATH  
IN THE SAPPHIRE -  
AND NOW THE SNIPER!  
I MUST GET OUT  
OF HERE!



SUICIDE WON'T DO  
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE  
THINKING OF! I'M  
GOING TO PUT YOU  
THROUGH YOUR PAGES  
FIRST!

I WILL BE  
DECORATED  
FOR THIS!

BUT IN A DESPERATE LAST-DITCH EFFORT TO  
SAVE HIS LIFE, HITLER'S PET TURNS ON THE SNIPER!

I WILL NOT DIE  
AS EASILY AS YOU  
THINK, SNIPER!

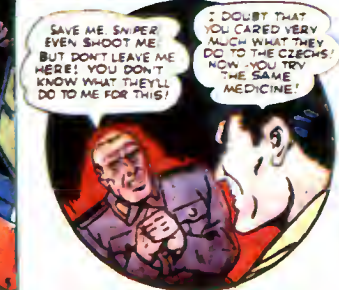
...AND AT  
THAT  
MOMENT...

AAAAAGH!

BANG

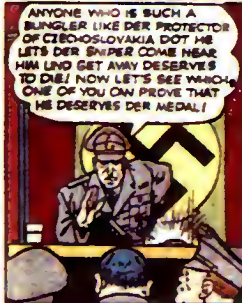
SAVE ME, SNIPER  
EVEN SHOOT ME  
BUT DON'T LEAVE ME  
HERE! YOU DON'T  
KNOW WHAT THEY'LL  
DO TO ME FOR THIS!

I DOUBT THAT  
YOU CARED VERY  
MUCH WHAT THEY  
DO TO THE CZECHS!  
NOW - YOU TRY  
THE SAME  
MEDICINE!



AFTER A COMPLETE REPORT HAS BEEN MADE TO DER FUEHRER...

MURDER IS RAMPANT IN THE CONQUERED COUNTRIES AS HITLER'S LACKEYS VIE WITH EACH OTHER FOR THE MEDAL



THE BEAUTIFUL SAPPHIRE MEDAL IS BESTOWED ON THE CHIEF "PROTECTOR" OF HOLLAND...



SO YOU THOUGHT THE LIVES OF SEVERAL THOUSAND DOCK WORKERS WAS A SMALL PRICE TO PAY FOR YOUR FUEHRER'S BAUBLE! SINCE YOU THINK LIFE IS SO CHEAP, PERHAPS YOU WILL NOT MIND LOSING YOUR OWN !!



THE BLOATED PIG SAVED ME A BULLET! HIS BEER-CLOGGED VEINS BURST UNDER THE STRESS OF HIS FEAR!



NO, SNIPER! PLEASE DON'T KILL US!

I JUST WANTED TO WATCH YOU RATS DANCE TO THIS TUNE! HA-HA!



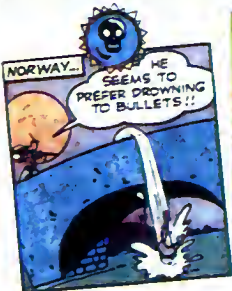
ONCE MORE THE MEDAL GOES BACK TO ITS DONOR



DER DUTCHMAN'S MEN SAID HE SAW DEATH IN DER SAPHIRE! COULD IT BE DOT KELLNER WAS RIGHT? BAH! SUCH THOUGHTS ARE NOT FOR CHERMANS! I GIFF DER MEDAL TO DER NEXT BEST MAN! SOMEBODY ISS BOUND TO GET DOT SNIPER!!



BUT AS HITLER'S HOUNDS BRING DEATH TO THE PEOPLE THEY GOVERN, THE MEDAL BRINGS DEATH TO THEM...AND ALWAYS THE SNIPER IS ON HAND TO WATCH THEM DIE!





ONE BY ONE, DEY HAFF  
DIED! DOT SNIPER! I  
WOULD GIFF HALE UF  
CHERMANY TO DER MAN  
WHO COULD KILL HIM...  
BUT VOT'S DER USE?

OUR  
BELGIAN  
PROTECTOR  
WANTS TO  
SEE YOU!



BELGIUM IS A SMALL  
COUNTRY! IF I KILL TOO  
MANY PEOPLE AT ONCE,  
WHO WILL BE LEFT? BUT  
IF YOU GIVE ME THE MEDAL,  
MEIN FUHRER, I WILL  
DO MUCH BETTER!

NO! RIGHT NOW  
NOBODY DESERVES  
DER MEDAL! I AM  
GOING TO PUT IT IN  
DER BERLIN MUSEUM  
—BUT IF EVER YOU  
PROVE YOUR ABILITY,  
MAYBE I TAKE IT OUT  
UND GIFF IT TO YOU!



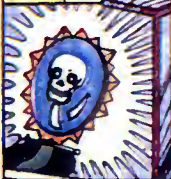
AND SO BELGIAN NAZI LEADER  
KARL VAN ALPST MAKES AN  
EARNEST ATTEMPT TO GET THE  
MEDAL...

THOSE SUSPECTED  
SABOTEURS — WE'RE  
NOT GOING TO BOTHER  
ABOUT A TRIAL! —  
TAKE THEM OUT AND  
HAVE THEM SHOT!

YES,  
SIR!



AH... BUT IF KARL VAN  
ALPST COULD ONLY GAZE  
INTO THE SAPPHIRE DEPTHS  
OF THE MEDAL AS IT RESTS  
IN ITS CASE IN THE BERLIN  
MUSEUM, HE WOULD TREMBLE  
TO THE ROOTS OF HIS  
UGLY SOUL...



MOVE ALONG,  
YOU DOGS!



FIRE!



IT'S THE  
SNIPER!  
GET HIM!!





**A SUDDEN JU-JITSU TRICK CATCHES THEM OFF GUARD!**

THOUGHT MY ARM WAS OUT OF COMMISSION, EH, BOYS! THIS MAY GIVE YOU AN IDEA OF HOW WRONG YOU WERE! AS FOR YOU, HERR VAN ALPST, ACCORDING TO THE LEGEND ABOUT THE MEDAL, IT WOULDN'T BE A PLEASING SIGHT RIGHT NOW!



## A MAD CHASE BEGINS

JUST MADE IT! I'M  
GOING TO BERLIN! THAT'S  
THE ONLY PLACE WHERE  
I'LL BE SAFE! NOBODY  
CAN GET PAST DER FUEHRER'S  
GUARDS... NOT EVEN THE  
SNIPER!



YOU DIDN'T BY ANY  
CHANCE THINK I WOULD  
BE DEPRIVED OF YOUR  
COMPANY!



INHUMAN ONE:  
TEN THOUSAND  
DEVILS COULD NOT  
BE EVERYWHERE  
THE WAY YOU  
ARE!

## THE CHASE GOES ON

IT IS  
USELESS  
VAN ALPST!



UNTIL  
FINALLY,  
THE CHASE  
LEADS INTO  
THE HEART  
OF BERLIN!

IT IS LATE  
AND DARK IN  
HERE! I WILL  
BE ABLE TO  
HIDE UNTIL I  
CAN REACH  
THE  
CHANCELLERY!



I CANNOT RESIST, EVEN  
IF I HAD TO BREAK THE  
LOCK! I MUST WEAR THE  
MEDAL! IF ONLY FOR A  
MOMENT!



MEANWHILE, THE SNIPER  
WANDERS THROUGH THE  
DARK MUSEUM...

IT'S SO DARK  
I CAN'T SEE MY  
HAND IN FRONT  
OF ME!



HITLER'S SAPPHIRE  
MEDAL! THE CAUSE OF  
DOOM FOR THOUSANDS!  
A WELL AIMED SHOT  
WILL SMASH IT FOREVER!



AGG-G-G-H!

WH--  
WHAT ON  
EARTH...?



VAN ALPST! DEATH ITSELF  
LED HIM TO PUT ON THE MEDAL  
AND MARK HIMSELF FOR A  
BULLET IN THE DARKNESS! THIS  
WILL BE THE FINAL WARNING  
OF WHAT AWAITS HITLER AND  
THOSE WHO FOLLOW HIM!



LOOK FOR THE SNIPER AGAIN  
IN THE NEXT ISSUE!



# SAILOR DANNY



TANA LURNER!  
MURPH-- SHE  
WOULDN'T BE  
SEEN WITH  
YOU-- AND I'LL  
GET FIVE BUCKS  
ON IT!

I'LL TAKE THAT BET!  
-- SHE'S NEVER SEEN ME  
NOR HAVE I SEEN HER!  
-- BUT I DREW HER NAME  
SO SHE GOES WITH

???

DID YOU HEAR THAT  
BULL?-- IF WE HAD  
HIS SUIT AND THAT  
CARD-- WE COULD  
CALL FOR TANA  
LURNER!

BOY-- HER  
STUDIO WOULD  
PAY A FORTUNE  
TO GET HER  
BACK...

POSS-T!  
THE OTHER  
GUY IS  
LEAVING!

A FEW MINUTES LATER....

JUST A  
SECOND--  
I'LL TAKE  
A LOOK!

SAILOR--  
HAVE YOU  
GOT A  
MATCH?

QUICK-- GET  
HIM TO THE  
CAR!

THUD

WE'LL TAKE  
HIM TO THE  
HIDE OUT!  
YOU'LL GUARD  
HIM WHILE I  
GET THIS  
DAME!

YOU'RE NOT  
SUPPOSED  
TO CALL FOR  
HER TIL  
EIGHT O'CLOCK

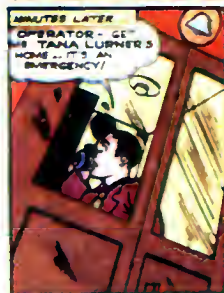
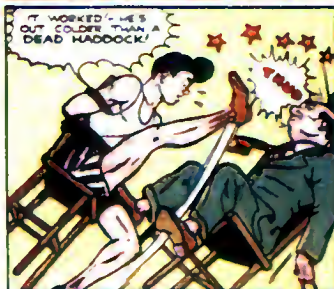
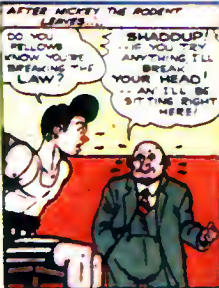
LATER

ZOWIE!  
HOW DO I  
LOOK AS A  
GEB?

FINE!-- BUT DS  
GAL'S NAME  
IS TILLIE BROWN  
NOT TANA  
LURNER!

WE'VE BEEN  
TRICKED!

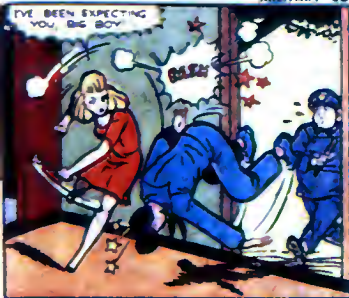
DON'T BE A DOPE!  
THAT MUST BE  
HER REAL NAME!  
TANA LURNER  
IS JUST FER  
TH MOVIES!





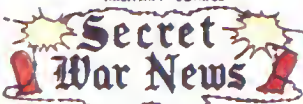








True  
Stories  
Of Daring  
War Adventures



Reported Exclusively  
for this Magazine  
by our Top  
Correspondent

This is an actual story based upon reliable facts gathered from U.S.N. Information Bureau

# FLYING FORTS BLAST BERLIN

In one of the great day-light bombing flights of this war Lieut. Charley Paine led a formation of Boeing Flying Fortress on a raid over heavily defended Berlin. Forty of Germany's best fighters attacked Paine's Bomber and shot out two of his engines, destroyed half the controls, smashed the landing gear, ripped a rudder, stabilizer, and wing, poured 250 bullets into the fuselage. The crew of Paine's fortress fought on while he piloted the crippled bomber back to an English base.



LIEUT. CHARLES PAINE

IN THE MISTS OF EARLY DAWN A GROUP OF AMERICANS PREPARE FOR THE BOMBING



THEY'RE OFF!

REMEMBER ME TO HEETLAH!



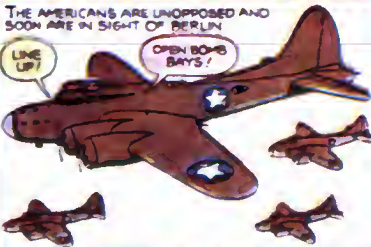
THE AMERICANS ARE UNOPPOSED AND SOON ARE IN SIGHT OF BERLIN

WE'RE GOING TO BLAST THE TEMPELOF PLANE FACTORY IN BERLIN. TAKES HER UP TO TWENTY-FOUR THOUSAND FEET



LINE UP!

OPEN BOMB BAYS!





BUT ON A NEARBY AIRFIELD  
THE NAZIS TAKE TO THE AIR

AMERIKANDERS! DON'T  
THEY KNOW IT'S VERBOTEN  
TO BOMB BERLIN?!

ACH! HIMMEL!  
BELCH! THEY CAME  
FASTER THAN WE  
THOUGHT THEY  
COULD!



HERE THEY  
COME!



HOLY SMOKE! THEY  
ARE GOERING'S OWN YELLOW  
NOSE SQUADRON!



MACHINE GUN BULLETS AND 20 MM SHELLS  
TEAR INTO PRIME'S SHIP - BUNNER PURCELL  
AND SERGEANT BOUTHELLIER HAVE THEIR  
OXYGEN MASKS KNOCKED OFF!



AAAAH-

I CAN'T  
BREATHE!





TAIL BURNER TAUCHER FIRES BACK WHILE BULLET HOLES OPEN UP THREE INCHES ABOVE HIS HEAD.



GERMAN 20 MM SHELLS BURST INSIDE THE BOMBER...

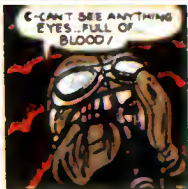


CO-PILOT LIEUTENANT ROBERT LONG  
PUSHES FORWARD WITH RAINE TO  
BRING THE NOSE DOWN /

MILITARY COMICS  
AS MORE MACHINE  
GUN BULLETS SP INTO  
THE FUSILLAGE ANOTHER  
20 MM. SHELL LANDS  
DIRECTLY ON THE UPPER  
TURRET OF GUNNER  
TOM COBURN.



OVER THE FRENCH COAST RAINE IS CONFRONTED BY A WALL  
OF GERMAN FLAK.



GET THAT  
FORTRESS / IT  
IS DAMAGED  
ALREADY  
YET!

CANT  
GO OVER  
OR UNDER - GOT  
TO GO  
THROUGH!



PHEW!  
WE GOT THROUGH -  
BUT SOME POOK-  
WULFS ARE COMING  
OUR WAY!



TAIL TURRET GUNNER SHREDDER IS WOUNDED BUT STICKS TO HIS GUNS

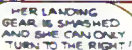




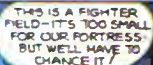
OVER ENGLAND NAVIGATOR THOMPSON PLOTS THE NEAREST AIRFIELD.



HERE COMES THE 'PHYLIS'. SHE'S BADLY SHOT UP!



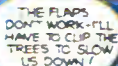
HER LANDING GEAR IS SMASHED AND SHE CAN ONLY TURN TO THE RIGHT!



THIS IS A FIGHTER FIELD—IT'S TOO SMALL FOR OUR FORTRESS—BUT WE'LL HAVE TO CHANCE IT!



HERE WE GO—HANG ON!



THE FLAPS DON'T WORK—I'LL HAVE TO CLIP THE TREES TO SLOW US DOWN!



WE MADE IT! A PERFECT BELLY LANDING!



AND WE'LL BE BACK TO BLAST BERLIN AGAIN!

# FOOT ITCH

## ATHLETE'S FOOT



## WHY TAKE CHANCES?

The germ that causes the disease is known as *Tinea Trichophyton*. It buries itself deep in the tissues of the skin and is very hard to kill. A test made shows it takes 15 minutes of boiling to destroy the germ, whereas, upon contact, laboratory tests show that H. F. will kill the germ *Tinea Trichophyton* within 15 seconds.

H. F. was developed solely for the purpose of relieving Athlete's Foot. It is a liquid that penetrates and dries quickly. You just paint the affected parts. H. F. gently peels the skin, which enables it to get to parasites which exist under the outer cuticle.

## ITCHING OFTEN RELIEVED QUICKLY

As soon as you apply H. F. you may find that the itching is relieved. You should paint the affected part with H. F. every night until your feet are better. Usually the tubes from three to ten days.

H. F. should leave the skin soft and smooth. You may marvel at the quick way it brings you relief. It costs you nothing to try as if you are troubled with Athlete's Foot why wait a day longer?

## H. F. SENT ON FREE TRIAL

# PAY NOTHING TILL RELIEVED

## Send Coupon

At least 50% of the adult population of the United States are being attacked by the disease known as Athlete's Foot.

Usually the disease starts between the toes. Little watery blisters form, and the skin cracks and peels. After a while, the itching becomes intense, and you feel as though you would like to scratch off all the skin.

## BEWARE OF IT SPREADING

Often the disease travels all over the bottom of the feet. The soles of your feet become red and swollen. The skin also cracks and peels, and the itching becomes worse and worse.

Get relief from this disease as quickly as possible, because it is very contagious, and it may go to your hands or even to the under arm or crotch of the legs.

Sign and mail the coupon, and a test tube of H. F. will

be mailed you immediately. Don't waste any money and don't pay the postage any money, don't pay anything any more unless H. F. is helping you. If it does help you, we know you will be glad to send us \$1. for the bottle at the end of ten days. That's how much fast! we have in H. F. Fast sign and mail the coupon today.



**GORE PRODUCTS, Inc.**  
845 Perdido St., New Orleans, La.

Please send the enclosed for a bottle of H. F. for foot itches on the feet please agree to use it according to directions. If at the end of 10 days we hear any getting better we will send you \$1.00 and continue to ship it. Before the enclosed portion of the bottle is used at all. 5 days from the time I receive it.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

A. J. WERE \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

# Captain ZOOTIE MONSTER MAN



THIS MONSTER MAN IS VERY DANGEROUS. GO REMEMBER - IF YOU SEE HIM, JUST SAY "FOR TOOTIE!"

YOU BET, CAPT!

'RAY FOR CAPTAIN TOOTIE!

HOOTIN' ZOOTIS! THERE'S MONSTER MAN NOW!

CAPT TOOTIE AND HIS SECRET LEGION FORM A SEARCHING PARTY.

WO! WE BUST BANKS! GET RICH!

HEY!

WOLD MAN, ROLL!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU NOT TO ROB BANKS!

HOOTIN' ZOOTIS! YOU SURE HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY TO ROLL, IF YOU KEEP EATING TOOTIE ROLLS!

YEAH, HAVE PLENTY OF ENERGY TO ROLL, IF YOU KEEP EATING TOOTIE ROLLS!

WE SMASH LITTLE MAN!

WE'VE GOT A BUGGIE RE!

BAM!

HOOTIN' FOR CAPTAIN TOOTIE!

WHAT FUN!  
GET THIS GENUINE  
**FOX TAIL**  
for only **10¢**  
if you see  
canon in  
can!

POPE YOUR EYE  
To Hang in Your Room  
for Pleading Brother  
Lad!

...continued TO DAY! ...and tomorrow TO MONDAY!  
Just to get you to read the above ad, we'll send you 50¢  
goldenrod for the only ad-free, longest-running paper in town  
with 100 years of history and 100 years of fun - your 100th  
birthday gift from the only ad-free, longest-running paper in town  
Happy 100th Birthday to the only ad-free, longest-running paper in town!

## TOOTIE ROLLS

Department 67, Rochester, New Jersey

You, I read your ad for Tootie Rolls. Read the gen-  
eral for 1¢ to see postage paid for your mail. I have  
received a check

Name

Address

City & State

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY